The Evening World Daily Magazine

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On to the Third Objective

How the U. S. Marines, After Beating Back the Boche at Soissons, by Mistake Beat the French to a Third Objective, While a Lieutenant and Nine Men Took the Town They'd Been Looking For and a Whole German Regimental Staff.

By Joseph A. Brady

Former Lieutenant Attached to the Fifth U. S. Marines.

A LOT of tired, hungry, thirsty American doughboys and marines were grudgingly waking up at 8 o'clock in the morning on July 18 last. For a half-hour they had slept because they had chased the Boche three miles and they couldn't find any more to fight with. They were waking up in the fields and in the trenches, where a half hour before they had dropped to sleep, content that after standing the German offensive for four months they had finally smashed in with two thousand guns, hundreds of tanks, aeroplanes and cavalry and had commenced the last great offensive of the war—the Allied offensive.

JOS. A. BRADY.

The doughboys rubbed their eyes and yawned while the air above them cracked with the rush of the aeroplane machine gun bullets, while the landscape for miles in front was going up in great explosions of the continuing barrage, and while the tanks rolled around spitting death into the German ranks. We were at Verte Feuille Farm, a cluster of crumbled stone houses. It was our first objective for the day.

Suddenly from the east an aeroplane came shooting across the sky and streaking from behind was a long stream of black smoke. It was the signal that the Germans were forming for a counter attack and the direction of the black smoke was the direction in which they were massing. To us, with our tired troops it meant danger. Indeed it would have been grave danger were it not for the fact that the plain American private soldier never knew the limit of his endurance and never failed to stiffen like a mastiff when he scented Boche.

Like a flash those yawning soldiers became tense. In a second they were swarming through the fields toward the second objective. There was little between them and it, for the tanks and artillery had been deadly and everywhere throughout the path of the advance were dead Germans. They swept into Vierzy Ravine and they went out on the other side and over to the town they saw there. It was the third objective, they were sure, the town of Vierzy.

In the village streets came short sharp fights, and suddenly a multitude of "Kamerads." The boys kept going to the trenches on the other side and again they settled to remain comfortable. In the mean time the artillery had caught the Germans massing to the east and had chewed them up, according to aeroplane reports. Another line of Germans were stretched across about 1,500 yards in front of us, however, and we could see them. They could see us, too, but neither side fired. When we wanted to get them we were going after them.

We sent word back that the objective for the day had been reached and we proceeded to dig in and check up accounts. We had sent back over a thousand prisoners, had killed hundreds, and had captured hundreds of machine guns and many cannon, some of the mighty 210's, and now on our fourth day, without food or rest, we were waiting to hear what was next expected of us. We had not long to wait.

"Continue the attack," was the word that came, and we were just getting ready to go out when a French officer rode up in great haste and in English demanded to know what we were doing in those trenches. We explained that we had captured them, that the town was Vierzy, our day's objective.

"Vierzy! Vierzy!" He shouted. "Why, you Americans have captured Chaudon, the objective of the Zouaves and Tireurs. You had better go get your objective."

A few pale faced, very sick American officers looked at each other. An awful bull! We had captured the wrong town and sent word back we had the right one. We were sick for a few minutes. Then a quiet little lieutenant said:

"Oh, hell! Let's go get the right town."

This time we took out our maps and did some careful figuring. Vierzy was on the map, but it was not on the landscape. In vain we searched. Finally a party was started off in the right direction and hurried back to say that the missing town was in a deep hollow a half-mile over to our right. We crept there in the darkness, passed the north of the town and waited for the deadly machine gun fire which we expected any moment. It did not come. We went on beyond the town and wondered, and not until the next day did we know that just one Lieutenant and nine men had spotted the town in our attack and had taken it, so quietly that in it they captured a German Colonel and his staff.

To digress for a moment from the missing town, permit me to tell you of what happened to the Boche 1,500 yards in front of Chaudon, after we left the line to the French. In the late afternoon 5,000 picked French cavalrymen, armed with fifteen-foot lances, charged in perfect formation across the 1,500 yards and cut the Boche line to pieces. They were going on, on, when some genius of the German Staff devised the one thing calculated to check them.

Out of the sky dropped a dozen aeroplanes and they straightened out behind the charging cavalry. They opened right back of the horses with machine guns and they stampeded the attack to the woods on the right and left. The cavalrymen tried in vain to fight back, but the airmen were the masters.

The finishing touch to the great victory came for us when we found ourselves in the midst of some strange soldiers in pearl gray tunics and unlike any troops we had seen before. They had food, however, and they had drink. Rich, sweet, red wine. They babbled at the doughboys in a strange tongue and the boys did not know for sure whether they were some new variety of Germans, but they were glad to get the food and drink, such as the others could spare.

Their officers came to us and we found that we were fighting side by side with the Czecho-Slovaks, those soldiers who had travelled from the Russian front clear around the world to fight on the western front when Russia collapsed and who never asked nor gave quarter. Their leader showed us a cablegram from President Wilson assuring him of American interest in their cause, and these soldiers told us that the words of the President were the greatest inspiration they had in fighting.

EVENING WORLD PUZZLES.

By Sam Loyd.

Tipping the Conductor.

MY friend, the squire, never fails to take advantage of an opportunity to exhibit his talent for quick figuring. On a Main Street car the other day he paid his fare with a dollar bill and the conductor having only 5 coins, which totalled 94 cents, was in a quandary. "Never mind," said the squire, as he pocketed 93 cents, "there's another cent so you can buy a good 2-cent smoke."

What 5 coins made up that 94 cents?

Answer to A Puzzling Soliloquy.

There are 240 steps in the Great Pyramid, giving it a height of 480 feet. An arithmetical progression starting from unity and increasing one unit at each step, for 240 steps, readily proves to have a sum total of 28,920 units.

THE HORRORS.

"WHAT'S the matter, old man? Worried because you've got to go?"

"No, no," groaned the select, "it isn't that. I don't mind going and I don't mind fighting, and I don't mind digging in or getting shot or anything, but, Harry, it's too much! Too much! Too much!"

"Well, go on!"

"I've not only gotta go to war, but every darned female in my family has knitted me a pair of socks and when they packed me up there wasn't a regular foot-sock in my kit, and I've gotta wear 'em until payday!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

In Vogue at Palm Beach

STRIKING BATHING SUIT MODELS POPULAR WITH NEPTUNE'S WINTER VISITORS

RED PLAID BEACH CAPE WORN OVER RED JERSEY SUIT TRIMMED IN BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED JERSEY. CAP MATCHES CAPE.

SIMPLE BUT STRIKING SUIT OF SULPHUR COLORED JERSEY TRIMED IN RED BRAID

BECOMING SUIT OF BLUE TAFFETA WITH TRIMMING OF FRINGED RUFFLES.

To Be in Style Plant Your Vegetable Garden On Your New Spring Hat

Fashion Calls for Spring Millinery That Looks Literally "Good Enough to Eat"—Trimmed With Fruits and Berries, and Even Cucumbers, Potatoes and Carrots.

By Margaret Rohe.

For quite some time the orchard fruit
Has ripened on our hats so cute,
But now truck gardens add their charms
And products from the country farms.
The coy cucumbers crisply nest
Upon the hats that are the best,
And carrots, turnips, beetroots red
Are raised upon each scrugger head.

"BY their fruits ye shall know them"—scripturally and sartorially speaking this is a safe way to pick lots of the new spring hats. As first fruits of the season the saucy little shepherdess toques, turbans and pokes, vivid with a variegated assortment of orchard and vineyard products, are fruitful of charm. The purple of the plum and the grape contrasted with the scarlet of the cherry, the orange of the tangerine, the lemon of the citron and the green of the gooseberry blend into a delectable garland of tempting and tasty beauty, served up on crowns of most of the newest vernal chapeaus. Charming little all grape turbans combining the colorings of the Muscatel, Tokay, Catawba, Malaga and Concord are worthy of a bacchante's dream. Large, floppy hats of leghorn for later summer wear also show grape trimmings, but the tiny shapes of black satin or dark straw wreathed in fifty-seven varieties of berries (straw berries of course on the shapes of straw) seem to appeal most to the feminine taste. They are certainly all to the tutti-frutti! After all, we may as well use up the grapes and apricots and oranges and cherries and peaches on our hats. From July 1 on it will be the only way left for them to go to our heads.

It really looks, however, as if the fruiterers to the green grocers but another. A hop, skip and jump may lead them next to the butchers and the fishmongers. We yet may see our headgear adorned with something neat in a second joint, a cluster of cutlets or a garnish of soft shell crabs interspersed with clams and scollops.

season of the fruity headgear would be a short one, the way the vegetable millinery is pushing to the fore and the forehead. One astonishing little black satin draped sailor model in a Fifth Avenue window is enough in itself alone to switch fickle feminine taste from fruits to legumes. Rakishly garnished on one side with a new potato, three carrots, two turnips and a couple of cucumbers, gherkin size, it is a veritable vegetable sensation. Another snappy little shepherdess poke of shiny, black straw, wreathed in tiny scarlet and green peppers, assuredly is full of pep.

With the milliner and the truck gardener thus joining hands we may soon expect such fascinating vegetable millinery combination salads as a perky poke festooned in pickles and parsnips, a turban of turnips and tomatoes or a bonnet of Brussels sprouts. Nor need we be surprised at a sailor strewn with salsify and string beans or even a succotash toque of lima beans and corn.

After sporting some corn on our foot for several seasons this at least ought to be a welcome fashion. Such a shift from one extreme to the other hardly would go against the grain.

A chapeau garlanded in onions and garlic is bound to have quite an air and a tureen shaped hat with its brim full of carrots, potatoes, turnips and onions is stew chic for words.

Surely, from the florists to the fruiterers has been but a step for our designing little milliners and from the

Midnight Mass at Front With All the Celebrants Officers and Men of 27th

Montfort, in Brittany, Scene of Greatest Religious Celebration Held in Europe Since the Beginning of the War When New York Troopers Celebrated Christmas Eve.

MONTFORT, that quaint little town in Brittany, has the unique distinction of having the greatest religious celebration held in Europe since the beginning of the war, the occasion, the Midnight Mass, Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, 1918. This town is in what is known as the Department of Ille-et-Vilaine, and is thirteen miles northwest of the City of Rennes. The population of about 1,500 is exclusively Catholic and it was here the 27th Division spent the Christmas holidays.

On July 27, 1914, the International Ecclesiastic Congress held at Lourdes France, was the occasion where many notable church dignitaries celebrated solemn high mass with all the pomp and splendor of the Roman Catholic Church, but this service at Montfort on last Christmas Eve was of a strictly military character, the entire personnel of the participants being members of the A. E. F. connected with the 27th Division, known as New York's Own troops.

This midnight service will long be remembered by those assisting at the mass, many of whom during their boyhood days of some twenty years or more served as altar boys in their parish churches throughout this city. Colonels, Lieutenant Colonels, Majors and so on down to the private were among those acting in some religious capacity.

Rev. Francis A. Kelley, Headquarters, 27th Division, was the celebrant; Rev. Albert J. Thompson, 102d Sanitary Train, deacon, and Rev. James I. Finnigan, 69th Infantry, sub-deacon. Capt. Wm. J. Grange; Division Personnel Adjutant, was the cross bearer; Lieut. Col. William J. Hallahan, Division Signal Officer, and Lieut. Col. Joseph J. Daly, Division Ordnance Officer, acolytes; Capt. Raymond T. Minix, Assistant Division Quartermaster, and Capt. Matthew F. Carney, Division Dental Surgeon, thurifers; Lieut. Joseph J. Shields, 102d Engineers, master of ceremonies, and Private Oakley J. Morey, assistant master of ceremonies.

The ushers were Major Joseph W. Farrell, Div. Disbursing Officer; Capt. George W. Peppard, Asst. Div. Quartermaster; Capt. John I. McWilliams, S. O., 102d San. Train; Lieut. James H. Doyle, Headquarters Troop; Lieut. James A. Walsh, Asst. Division Adjutant; James J. Sheehan, Knights of Columbus, and John T. Murphy, Knights of Columbus.

Joseph Franck's mass was sung, Private Judson E. House presiding at the organ.

The soloists were: Sergt. Major John W. Boyd, Headquarters Detachment; Corpl. Raymond C. Frank, Co. C, 102d Flying Squadron Battalion; Private Judson E. House, Headquarters Detachment; Private John F. Mahony, Headquarters Detachment, Cornet, Corpl. Wm. H. Wallace, Headquarters Co., 107th Infantry, and Violinists: Private 1st Class Charles G. Turrian, Ambulance Co., 107th Infantry; Private Christopher J. Dunn, Ambulance Co., 107th Infantry.

Those of the choir were: Tenors—Bn. Sergt. Major Donald A. Wood, Headquarters Detachment; Sergt. Douglas McCann, Co. C, 102d F. S. Bn.; Wagoner Francis Finn, Supply Co., 105th Infantry; Corpl. Raymond C. Frank Co. C, 102d F. S. Bn., and Corpl. Kelvin K. Keech, Co. C, 102d F. S. Bn. Baritones—Sergt. Major John W. Boyd, Headquarters Detachment; Private Everett E. Atwell, Co. C, 102d F. S. Bn.; Private George J. Frey, S. D., 108th Infantry; Private Carleton J. Kreszer, Co. C, 102d F. S. Bn.; Private John F. Mahony, Headquarters Troop, and Private John J. Roach, Headquarters Troop.

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"Courage of Our Soldiers Met the Hardest Test Ever Imposed by War," Verdict of Philip Gibbs

Chemistry of Modern War Was Too Appalling Not to Inspire Fear, Says War Correspondent, Yet Man From Ribbon Counter and Sporting Aristocrat Alike Stuck to His Job in a Defiance Born of the Sheer Will to Win.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

NOT the immortal little band of Spartans at Thermopylae, not Caesar's undefeated Tenth Legion, not the gallant six hundred of the Light Brigade displayed courage equal to that of the common, ordinary soldier, the most youthful officer, in the Great War.

It is the verdict of The Man Who Was There, Philip Gibbs, supreme British correspondent who wrote the most perfect running story of the war for four years and a half and who has just come to America to talk to us about the soul of it.

The reason I asked Mr. Gibbs to analyze the courage of the soldiers in the world's Armageddon was because he has paid to the men of his own country, with whom he was detailed, quite the finest tribute offered by anybody to any combatants. Just after the signing of the armistice, in Mons—which he had entered with the British Army, as he had retreated from it with that army more than four years earlier—he wrote:

"I saw only two figures in this war, now that hostilities have ceased; one was the figure of the regimental officer, from subaltern to battalion commander, the boys and their elder brothers who went over the top at dawn and led their men gallantly, hiding any fear of death they had, and who in dirty ditches and dugouts, in mud and swamps, in fields under fire, in ruins that were death traps, in all the filth and misery of this war, held fast to the pride of manhood and in the worst hours did not weaken, and for their country's sake and the game they play offered up their lives and all that life means to youth as a free, cheap gift.

"And the other figure is Tommy. Poor old Tommy, you have had a rough time, and you hated it, but, by the living God, you have been patient and long suffering and full of grim and silent courage, not swanking about the things you have done, not caring a jot for glory, not getting much dash; but now you have done your job and it is well done."

And even now, Mr. Gibbs thinks, the "people at home" do not understand the quality of courage displayed by the men over there. He summed it up in one arresting sentence.

"Any man," he told me, "who has been through this war would consider the Spartan fights a mere football match.

"Why, I myself would have been a Spartan hero," he added, with a deprecatory smile and a careless movement of the broad shoulders. He looks, by the way, exactly as I have always pictured Kipling's artist war correspondent, Dick Heldar, in "The Light That Failed." Philip Gibbs has blazing blue eyes, set deep under thick dark lashes and delicately arched brows, a lean, high cheek boned, hard-bitten face, a mouth mobile to every shade of expression and such admirable proportions that he gives the illusion of a height he does not possess.

"People at home," he continued earnestly, "think the courage of the soldier is a light, breezy thing, a thing born in him, a flare and flourish such as they have seen in melodrama. The courage of the modern soldier is not at all like that. It cannot be.

"Every man in the armies was afraid. For at least three days a week, on an average, he was gripped with cold fear. He did not like the war, nor glory in it, he hated the shell fire and the mud and the gas and all the inhuman destruction. But in spite of his fear he held on, he stuck to his job in face of the most awful danger and suffering ever inflicted on man, and that is why his courage is the most magnificent thing the world has ever seen. It was defiance born of the sheer will to win.

"Men fighting in this war had the impression that they were contending with something unnatural, inhuman. The destructive forces were loosed from such a distance that they did not seem to come from men. They were like great unchained forces of nature, earthquakes, bolts of lightning, tornados, volcanic eruptions—phenomena before which men have always fled in terror, out of which primitive men shaped, in fear and trembling, their angry gods. The chemistry of the war—its gases, high explosives, death rained from the sky—was too appalling not to inspire fear. Only now and then was there any stimulus of individual combat. Men had to wait and wait and wait, and take death from an enemy they could not even see.

"And yet, as I have said more than once, in the midst of all this frightful destruction I heard more laughter at the front than I ever heard anywhere in the world. Men surrounded by the fires of hell used laughter as a sort of psychological camouflage. They snatched every opportunity for a jest,

PHILIP GIBBS.

and the smallest jokes were passed down the lines and repeated from one regiment to another. Any kind of joke would do. It represented the courage covering their fear."

"And wasn't this courage of which you speak found among all types and classes of men?" I asked. "Didn't it characterize the little ribbon clerks as well as the colonials and the sporting aristocrats?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Philip Gibbs. "I was talking with a General, a Scotchman and a Gordon. And I asked him which men he found fought best. He answered, 'The Londoners—because they are fighting on their nerve, they are fighting on their pride, they are not fighting on their muscle.'"

"What do you take to be the basis of this magnificent courage?" I queried. "Patriotism?"

Mr. Gibbs's expressive face turned mirthful. "It is dangerous to answer that question," he said, "but if you mentioned patriotism to the British soldier it was the signal for a perfectly frightful blast of profanity. And if you said anything about the Empire, his language became quite indescribable!

"Of course," he added more seriously, "deep down in his heart each soldier did love his country, although it was the last thing he would admit. But, as I figured it out, the thing that kept him going was the sense that he was playing a game which he must win, that gas and shrapnel and mud and bombs and machine guns were all tricks of his opponent which he must overcome. He was not going to let the Boche put anything over on him."

"What about the courage of women at the front?" I asked.

"They stuck it magnificently," said Major Gibbs. "Of course they were kept away from the trenches, but they were under bomb fire, many of them, for weeks at a time. Some of the women stood this better than the soldiers. I remember a little French girl with a braid down her back who unconcernedly offered to take one of our officers across the square at Noyon to the office of the A. P. M., when bombs were falling all around it and the shivers were running down the backs of us men.

"The German soldiers were brave, and their machine gunners were heroically brave. I think we ought to give them this credit both for their sakes and for ours—for if we had been fighting cowards, why did it take us over four years to beat them?

"There may have been cowards," concluded Philip Gibbs simply, "but I did not see them. One thing the war certainly has achieved—it has raised the world's faith in the average man—who became the average hero."